

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1918

"U. S. Planes Raid Berlin," May Be News We Will Read When Super-Aeros Start

Getting Under Way at Mineola, Great Air Cruisers
Will Skim Across Atlantic and Spread Berlin in
Ruins, Is Vision of Writer Who Takes a Peep at the
Future—How an Account of the Exploit Might
Read, as Told in Despatches Yet to Be Written.

By Willis Brooks

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)
GIANNI CAPRONI, inventor of the great Caproni bombing planes, predicts that airplanes equipped with engines equal in power to those of a medium-sized steamship and capable of carrying a hundred tons instead of the 1,000 pounds now carried, will be developed within three years.

(Special Despatch.)

MINEOLA, L. I., Aug. 5, 1918.—The largest airplane ever seen here mysteriously left Mitchell Aviation Field just after daybreak this morning. One high official, a civilian, whose name is withheld, would say only that "America has already accomplished what everybody a year ago thought would take three years."

The crew, it was learned, included several pilots, navigators, mechanics and at least one high officer of the Signal Corps. Large stores of gasoline, oil and other supplies were taken aboard.

This giant machine of the triplane type is said to have a wing span of more than 200 feet, with one main engine and one auxiliary motor to operate each of the three propellers. Rumor says it has a new landing device, a reverse propeller which brings it to a stop in a much reduced space. Also it is said to be provided with a recently improved direction finder and the latest bomb-sighting apparatus, making it possible to hit almost invariably a small target from a great height. The new aircraft worked to perfection. The hum of the engines could hardly be heard 3,000 feet away.

Local experts estimate that with three of its six engines running partially choked down this plane can easily make an average of 100 miles an hour. At this rate it could reach Paris early to-morrow evening, or Berlin, if that be its destination, before daylight next morning.

(Special Cable Despatch.)
AN AMERICAN PORT IN FRANCE, Aug. 6, 1918.—A prodigious American air cruiser arrived and left here to-night. It is supposed to be the one reported to have sailed from Hempstead Plain, L. I., yesterday morning.

(Special Cable Despatch.)
PARIS, Aug. 7, 1918 (2 P. M.).—Berlin and Potsdam were bombed this morning, according to reports received here via Switzerland. Tons of high explosives were dropped with great precision that many of the Government offices and imperial residences in the two cities were destroyed. Other residential portions were spared.

Berlin's great street of palatial public buildings, Unter den Linden, is strewn with the ruins of the Royal Palace, the Admiralty, the Ministry of Commerce, the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Public Works, the Palace of Prince Frederick Leopold, the Palace of the Imperial Chancellor, the Foreign Office and the palace of Emperor William I. Other buildings destroyed are the

Reichstagsgebäude, in which sat the Bundesrat (Federal Council) and the Reichstag (Imperial Parliament).

The Ministry of Posts, at the corner of Mauerstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse, and the Reichversicherungsamt (State Insurance centre) were partially destroyed and the Zeughaus (armory) completely so.

At Potsdam the circle of palaces and parks surrounding the city suffered most. Some large factories in the heart of the city were reduced to ruins. The Royal Palace at the north end of Lange Brücke, the great buildings of the "Lehrbataillon," the Marble Palace in New Garden on the Heiligeaue and the former palace of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia at Klein-Glienike are among the structures destroyed.

(Special Cable Despatch.)
PARIS, Aug. 7, 1918 (1 P. M.).—The giant American airplane which bombed Berlin and Potsdam this morning landed here just before dark this evening. Instantly all Paris flocked to the landing field.

Although an official reception to the bomber's crew is being arranged for to-morrow, the streets to-night are filled with impromptu parades, headed by every available band in the city. Hastily made transparencies evidence French gratitude to America. Flags fly from almost every window. The Stars and Stripes are seen everywhere.

The crew of the great bomber consists of — (deleted by the censor). The officer in command (name deleted) says they encountered no serious difficulties in crossing the Atlantic. There was little driftage. Some delay was occasioned by several experimental changes of altitude to feel out the best atmospheric conditions, but the help of the trade winds fully made up for this.

(Special Cable Despatch.)
AMSTERDAM, Aug. 7, 1918 (midnight).—The populace of Berlin, partially recovered from the panic which has prevailed there all day, is tonight besieging the Prussian Landtag building in Albrechtstrasse, where the Kaiser, the Chancellor, most of the Ministers of the Imperial Government and many members of the Reichstag are assembled. The people are of one voice. Their demand is for peace at any price.

Insignia of Their Sweetheart's Outfit "Sunburned" on Pretty Girls at Beach



THE startling innovation has just started at Brighton Beach by a trio of beautiful mermaids whose sweethearts are serving in Uncle Sam's forces overseas. Old Sol, the ruler of the beach during the hot summer months has been called upon to aid the girls in showing to everybody that they are sweethearts of soldiers. The inventive maidens have taken the ordinary courtplaster and cut out the insignia of the regiment or division to which their sweethearts belong. These are placed in conspicuous bare parts of the anatomy.

When the swim is over and the coat of tan is acquired the plaster is removed leaving the white mark edged by the tan upon their skin. They can then parade at the ball in the evening appropriately and wearing the memory of their most beloved where those who look may see.

The photo shows the trio of inventive maidens. They are Miss Dorothy Walker, Gladys Maynes and Reba Kanxara.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

BARRACKS SPORTS

DRAWN FOR THE EVENING WORLD BY LANCE CORPORAL E. KIRK, CARTOONIST FOR "TREAT 'EM ROUGH," OFFICIAL TANK CORPS PAPER, CAMP COLT, GETTYSBURG, PA.



LISTENING TO THE BARRACKS ORDERLY'S SOLO

Summer Styles a la Newport



An indication of the season's dress in society's summer gathering place is to be found in the above photograph of six well known young women, posed for the camera while they were distributing "smokes" to 100 marines, guests at the birthday party of Mrs. John H. Hanan.

The photograph shows, left to right, Mrs. Josephine Wilmerding, Mrs. Talbot Hanan, Miss Vivian Beebe, Baroness G. H. Dahlup, Miss Alberta Crafts, Miss Adeline Briggs. Although no similarity of design is noted in the dresses, they all show the charm of originality.

OUR MOTTO:
"E Pluribus Strappus"
or,
"United We Stand"

LATER EXTRA
Subway Sun

THE WEATHER:
EKKXXZ UMPGHYZ
WOOLUUBBUX!

Edited by ARTHUR (BUGS) BAER

STRAP SNIPING

We regret to state that strap sniping still continues on the Bronx locals. We lamped a strap sniper who had a bouquet of straps in each hand and four straps behind each ear. Anybody who steals a strap from an orphan is a fathead of the fattest kind. We are after the strapiters.

DESERTERS

It pains the spot where our heart should be to see our patients deserting the Strapborough for the L lines.

We realize that there are seats on the L and no seats in the subway. BUT—why desert the old Strapborough for a measly L seat?

This is the time when all Americans should STAND together.
THEODORE P. BAER.

We want to apologize for stating that the weather is Ekkxxz Umpghyz Wooluubbux, but that is the way we got it straight from a subway guard.

THE HERMIT OF THE SUBWAY

The hermit of the subway was dangling off a strap. Tears skidded down his wrinkled mosh, he was a lonely yap. He'd left the cool world years ago, weary of its strife, And gumshoed in the subway to lead a hermit's life.

The cloistered years flat-wheeled by in silent, solemn spans, Unbroken by the rattle of eccentric subway fans; The spiders spun their filmy snares serenely in the subb, The hermit of the subway was sure one lonesome dabb.

He hadn't lamped a single face in more than twenty years, All he ever spotted were elbows, straps and cars. He hadn't clasped the hand of one friendly home town sap, Because they needed both hands to dangle off a strap.

For twenty years he had been hiding in a Harlem socal, For twenty years the hermit was a poor old homesick yokel,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1918

Eat Plenty of Plain Food, And Exercise in Open Air, Advises Mrs. Vernon Castle

This Rule She Follows and Finds Beneficial to Her Health and Appearance—Overeating of Rich Food as Harmful as Excessive Drinking, and a Round of Golf, a Gallop on a Horse, or a Lively Walk Better Than Prescribed Exercises in an Indoors Gymnasium.

IN the matter of eating, I am fortunate to have inclinations which are what they ought to be. I have no desire to eat rich foods in quantities. One plentiful—and plain—meal a day should satisfy any one. It is most natural and proper that that meal should be eaten at the dinner hour. It shouldn't always be the same, and it needn't always be extremely simple. An elaborate dinner—if it is a good one—will do no more harm if it isn't a regular thing. Alternate that with the dinner which consists of simple food and you'll be quite all right, if you're like me. But rich luncheons and heavy breakfasts must not be indulged in along with dinners. With me my lifelong breakfast has been coffee and a bite, while luncheon is, more often than anything else, just graham crackers and milk.

I am firmly of the belief that most of the ill-health and unfitness of humans is due to overeating. I am even inclined to agree with the opinion of my husband, who often said that over-eating did more harm than excessive drinking and was much the worst habit, except that a man couldn't eat himself into a condition when he would beat his wife. As to drinking habitually and to the slightest excess, women simply cannot do it without paying a fearful price.

Men, some of them, seem to be able to do it without suffering remarkably from the effects, but that must be ac-

a brandy and soda under similar conditions. There is a rush of super-heated blood to the capillaries where it is chilled and driven back to the heart and then comes the reaction which means languor and weakness instead of stimulation. There can be no doubt about this one question. Women cannot indulge habitually in strong drink and keep their health and good looks.

If I had a daughter coming to womanhood, her first cocktail would be her last, and if there is one mother to whom a suggestion is borne here and she heeds it, I shall have done a good deed in writing this, and so I'm going to make myself happy in believing that several are going to see it and several private temperance lectures to sweet young girls are going to follow.

Plenty of physical exercise of the right sort to suit the individual is absolutely essential to good health and fitness. Again I seem to be telling you things that have been dinned into your ears since nursery days—but what awful and absurd mistakes people make about exercise. What good is exercise in a closed gymnasium, compared with exercise in the open air? There are women who are taking costly and endless gymnasium courses who would be getting much greater benefits in hanging out the wash or sweeping the walks.

To get real benefit from exercise, you must get quantities of pure air with it and you must be doing something which is enjoyable and interesting in itself. The psychological effect is fully as important as the physical. A routine of prescribed exercises which is merely laborious will do you little good—none at all if your purposely overworked lungs fill themselves with foul air instead of fresh oxygen. A gallop on a horse, a round at golf, even a good lively walk with an interesting companion amid surroundings that are picturesque, those are the things that will count for clear eyes and good color and general sprightliness and fitness. (Copyright, 1918, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Woman of Many Talents Will Devote Them All To Canteen Work in France

"AREN'T you going to France?" Gypsy Smith asked Miss Clara Elizabeth Babcock, after one of his strutting talks.

Now Miss Babcock had been wanting to go to France and do her "bit" for the boys for some time and was only waiting for the opportunity. "I guess I can wash mugs as well as the next one," was her answer.

So she is all packed and ready to go for the Y. M. C. A. as a canteen worker. But she is only being loaned to the "Y" by the Y. W. C. A.

Wanting an investigator of the living and social conditions of women munition workers, the Government naturally turned to the Y. W. C. A., and that organization turned to Miss Babcock because she has had the necessary experience. In this capacity Miss Babcock has visited all cities where munition plants employ women.

Miss Babcock was born in Ashaway, R. I., and is a descendant of the Babcocks who came over from the "old country" and settled Rhode Island in 1640.

She is a student, a musician, an athlete and an actress. She received her bachelors' and masters' degree at the Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had almost finished her course for a Ph.D. when war work called her. She is a member of the Women's Club of Teachers' College, of which she was elected executive secretary, organized the Teachers' Club of the State of Illinois, and was its first president.

Her executive offices in various clubs at Columbia have been numerous. She is also a member of the National Council of Primary Education, of the National Educational Association and was representative of the graduate women of Columbia University on the Hill committee of the great student campaign planned by John R. Mott.

Miss Babcock's school days were her athletic days. She was captain of the basketball and hockey teams and leader of the cheer club of the Rhode Island Normal School. At one time she held the women's tennis championship at the Mores Brown school. She is a graduate supervisor of music of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass.

For twenty years he hadn't heard his native language spoken. For subway guards dish up a hash of Fiji and Hoboken.

The hermit of the subway read one of Shonts's signs. About the million billion things in all the subway lines. The hermit of the subway quoth, "By St. Bunton's sacred corn! That is the first bull I ever saw what didn't have no horns!"

These were the last words ever launched from out the hermit's mouth. His soul may have travelled north, it may have scooted south, it may be in the subway, it may be in the L— But we'll bet it's dangling from a strap in that well known place where the celluloid soup hound chased the asbestos alley rabbit so far and so fast that he had to pay two fares. BRONNIX.